By E. Settle

THE

# CHARACTER

OF A

# Popish Successour,

AND WHAT

# ENGLAND

MAY EXPECT

# From Such a One.

Humbly offered to the Consideration of

# BOTH HOUSES

OF

# PARLIAMENT,

Appointed to meet at

# OXFORD,

On the One and twentieth of *March*, 168$\frac{0}{1}$.

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# THE CHARACTER OF A Popiſh Succeſſour, AND What *England* may expect from ſuch a One.

IT has been my Fortune to be a *Subject* and a *Native* of that part of the *World*, where almoſt three years laſt paſt I have ſcarce heard any thing, but the continual Noiſe of *Popery* and *Plots*, with all the clamorous Fears of a jealous *Kingdom*, about my Ears. And truly, I muſt plainly confeſs, I am not ſo ill a *Commonwealths-man*, but that I am glad to ſee my Country-men diſturb'd in a Cauſe, where *Religion*, *Liberty*, and *Property* are at ſtake. If their Jealouſies are juſt, and their Fears prophetick, in God's Name let them talk. Every good man ought to be ſo far from ſilencing any reaſonable Murmurs, that 'tis rather his Duty to bear a Part in a Choire ſo Univerſal. And if we ſee the Great and Wiſe Men of our Nation, like true *Engliſh* Patriots, ſtrugling and toiling to prevent our threatning Calamities, let us take delight to behold them reſtleſs and uneaſie, rolling about our troubled Sea, like *Porpoiſes* againſt a Tempeſt, to forewarn us of an approaching Deſtruction.

But amidſt our evident Danger, we ſee another ſort of People daily flattering and deluding us into a falſe and fatal Security. And ſure none are ſo little our Friends, or indeed ſo void even of Humanity it ſelf, as thoſe who wou'd lull us aſleep when Ruine is in view. But ſince Zeal and Hypocriſie, naked Truth and artificial Falſhood, have oftentimes alike Faces, I cannot but think it the Duty both of a *Chriſtian* and an *Engliſh*-man, to unravel the Treachery of thoſe falſe Arguments which they raiſe to deſtroy us.

As firſt, they ſay, *Why ſhou'd we ſtand in fear of Popery, when in the preſent Temper of* England *'tis impoſſible for any Succeſſour whatever to introduce it?*

And next, amidſt our groundleſs Fears, (ſay they) *Let us conſider what that Prince is that appears ſo dreadful a* Gorgon *to* England. *A Prince that on all accounts has ſo ſignally ventur'd his Life for his King and Country: A Heroe of that faithful and matchleſs Courage and Loyalty: A Prince of that unſhaken Honour and Reſolution, that his Word has ever been known to be his Oracle, and his Friendſhip a Bulwark whereever he vouchſafes to place it; with ſuch an infinite Maſs of all the Bravery and Gallantry that can adorn a Prince. Why, muſt the change of his Religion deſtroy his Humanity, or the advance to a Crown render his Word or Honour leſs Sacred, or make him a Tyrant to that very People whom he has ſo often and ſo chearfully defended? Why, may there not be a Popiſh King with all theſe Accompliſhments, that whatever his own pri-*

*vate Devotions ſhall be, yet ſhall publickly maintain the Proteſtant Worſhip, with all the preſent Conſtitution of Government, unalter'd?*

Yes, now I ſay ſomething! If this *Rara avis in terris* can be found, then *England* were in a happy condition. But, alas! what ſignifie all the great paſt Actions of a Princes Life, when *Popery* at laſt has got the Aſcendant? All Vertues muſt truckle to Religion; and how little an Impreſſion will all his recorded Glories leave behind them, when *Rome* has once ſtampt him her Proſelyte?

But ſince unlikely things may come to paſs, let us ſeriouſly examine how far the Notion of ſuch a *Popiſh Succeſſour* conſiſts with Reaſon, or indeed has the leaſt ſhadow of poſſibility.

If to maintain and defend our *Religion* be any more than a Name, it is impoſſible for any Man to act the true Defenſive Part, without the Offenſive too: And he that wou'd effectually uphold the *Proteſtant* Worſhip, Peace, and Intereſt, is bound to ſuppreſs all thoſe potent and dangerous Enemies that wou'd deſtroy 'em; for all other Defence is but Diſguiſe and Counterfeit.

If then the Wiſdom of ſeveral Succeſſive Monarchs, with a whole Nations unanimous Prudence, and indefatigable Care for the Proteſtant Preſervation, has determin'd, That thoſe Popiſh Prieſts who have ſworn Fealty to the See of *Rome*, and taken Orders in Foreign Seminaries, are the greateſt Seducers of the King's Liege-People, and the moſt notorious Incendiaries and Subverters of the Proteſtant Chriſtianity and Loyalty; and for that Cauſe their ſeveral Laws declare them Traytors; by conſequence theſe are the potent and dangerous Enemies which, in defence of the Proteſtant Cauſe, this Popiſh King is oblig'd to ſuppreſs and puniſh, and theſe the very Laws he is bound to execute.

And though, perhaps, till the Diſcovery of the late Plot, for ſeveral Ages we have not ſeen that Severity inflicted on Popiſh Prieſts, as the Laws againſt them require; and why? becauſe the flouriſhing Tranquility of the *Engliſh* Church under this King and his Father's Reign, rendred them ſo inconſiderable an Adverſary, that the natural tenderneſs of the Proteſtant People of *England*, not delighting in Blood, did not think it worth their while either to detect or proſecute 'em, and therefore has not made 'em the common Mark of Juſtice.

But under the Reign of an *Engliſh* Papiſt, when the Fraternity of their Religion ſhall encourage the Pope to make his working Emiſſaries ten times more numerous; when, if not the hope of Publick Patronage, yet at leaſt their confidence of Private Indulgence, Connivance, and Mercy, emboldens the Miſſive Obedience of his Jeſuitical Inſtruments, whilſt the very Name of a Popiſh Monarch has the Influence of the Sun in *Egypt*, and daily warms our Mud into Monſters, till they are become our moſt threatning and moſt formidable Enemies. And if ever the Proteſtant Religion wanted a Defender, 'tis then. If the Word, Honour, or Coronation Oath of a King be more than a Name, 'tis then or never he is oblig'd to uphold the Proteſtant Intereſt, and actually ſuppreſs its moſt apparent and moſt notorious Enemies.

Well then, for Arguments ſake, by the vertue of a ſtrong Faith (a Faith ſo ſtrong as may remove Mountains) let us ſuppoſe we may have ſuch a *Roman Catholick* King, as ſhall diſcountenance Pope and Popery, cheriſh Proteſtantiſm, and effectually deter and puniſh all thoſe that ſhall endeavour to undermine and ſupplant it: and then let us examine what this King, thus qualified, muſt do.

Firſt then, in continuing the Eccleſiaſtick Juriſdiction, Honours, and Preferments in the Hands of the Proteſtant Clergy, he muſt confer his Favours

and

and Smiles on thoſe very Men, whom (by the Fundamentals of his own uncharitable Perſuaſion, which dooms all that dye out of the Boſom of the *Romiſh* Church to a certain ſtate of Damnation) he cordially believes do preach and teach, and lead his Subjects in the direct way to Hell: And next, at the ſame time he muſt not only puniſh and perſecute, but perhaps impriſon and hang thoſe very only Righteous Men, whom from the bottom of his Soul he believes can onely open them the Gates of Paradiſe: whilſt in ſo doing he cannot but accuſe himſelf of copying the old *Jewiſh* Cruelty. Nay, in one reſpect he out-goes their Crime; for he acts that knowingly, which they committed ignorantly. For, by the Dictates of his Religion he muſt be convinc'd, that in effect he does little leſs than ſave a *Barabbas*, and crucifie a *Jeſus*.

A very pretty *Chimæra!* Which is as much as to make this Popiſh King the greateſt Barbarian in the Creation; a Barbarian that ſhall cheriſh and maintain the Diſſenters from Truth, and puniſh and condemn the Pillars of Chriſtianity, and Proſelytes of Heaven: Which is no other than to ſpeak him the baſeſt of Men, and little leſs than a Monſter. Beſides, at the ſame time that we ſuppoſe that King that dares not uphold nor encourage his own Religion, we render him the moſt deplorable of Cowards; a Coward ſo abject, that he dares not be a Champion even for his God. And how conſiſtent this is with the Glory of a Crown'd Head, and what hope *England* has of ſuch a Succeſſour, I leave all Men of Senſe to judge.

Beſides, What miſ-match'd incongruous Ingredients muſt go to make up this Compoſition of a King! His Hand and Heart muſt be of no Kin to one another: He muſt be ſo inhumane to thoſe very darling *Jeſuits*, that like *Mahomet*'s Pidgeon infus'd and whiſper'd all his Heavenly Dreams into his Ears, that he muſt not only clip their Wings, but fairly Cage 'em too, even for the charming Oracles they breath'd him: And at the ſame minute he muſt leave the wide and open Air to thoſe very Ravens that daily croak Abhorrence and Confuſion to them, and all their holy Dreams, and their falſe Oracles. Thus whilſt he acts quite contrary to all his Inclinations, againſt the whole bent of his Soul, what does he but publickly put in force thoſe Laws for the Proteſtant Service, 'till in fine, for his Nations Peace, he ruines his own, and is a whole Scene of War within himſelf? Whilſt his Conſcience accuſing his Sloth on one ſide, the *Pope* on the other, *Romes* continual Bulls bellowing againſt him, as an undutiful unactive Son of Holy Mother Church, a Scandal to her Glory, a Traytor to her Intereſt, and a Deſerter of her Cauſe; one day accuſing the Lukewarmneſs of his Religion, another the Puſilanimity of his Nature; all *Roman Catholick Princes* deriding the feebleneſs of his Spirit, and the tameneſs of his Arm: till at long run, to ſpare a Faggot in *Smithfield*, he does little leſs than walk on hot Irons himſelf. Thus all the Pleaſure he reliſhes on a Throne, is but a kind of *Good-Fryday* Entertainment. In ſtead of a Royal Feſtival, his rioting in all the Luxury of his Heart, to ſee *Romes Dagon* worſhipp'd, *Romes* Altars ſmoak, *Romes* Standard ſet up, *Romes* Enemies defeated, and his victorious Mother Church triumphant; his abject and poor-ſpirited Submiſſion denies himſelf the only thing he thirſts for: And whilſt the Principles he ſucks from *Rome* do in effect in the Prophets words bid him, *Riſe, ſlay and eat*, his Fear, his unkingly, nay unmanly Fear, makes him faſt and ſtarve.

However, if there be ſuch a King in Nature, as will not defend his own Religion, becauſe he dares not; but ſneaks upon a Throne, and in obedience to his Fear ſhrinks from the Dictates of his Conſcience, and the Service of his God: If, like *Jupiters* Log, ſuch a King can be, and Fate has ordain'd us for a Popiſh Prince, pray Heaven ſhrowd the Imperial Lion in this in-

nocent Lambs-skin. But I am afraid we ſhall ſcarce be ſo happy; and I ſhrewdly ſuſpect, that all thoſe cunning *Catholick* Trumpetters who in all Companies ſound the Innocence of a *Popiſh Succeſſour*, and flatter us with ſuch a hopeful, harmleſs, peaceful Prince in a *Papiſt*, have a little of the *Romiſh* Mental Reſervation in the Promiſes they make us, and no ſmall *Jeſuitical* Equivocation in the Airy Caſtles they build us.

But I have heard ſome ſay, *Why, may there not be a zealous Prince of any Religion, who ſtill out of the meer Principles of Morality, ſhall have that tenderneſs and ſenſe of his Peoples Peace, as to trouble himſelf about Religion no farther than concerns his own Salvation; and therefore continue the Adminiſtration of Laws and Devotion in the ſame Channel he found them?*

And all this his meer Morality ſhall do! Alas! alas! If he's a Bigot in Religion, all his Morals are Slaves to his Zeal. Nay, grant him to be the moſt abſolute Maſter of all the *Cardinal Vertues*, there's not one of them that ſhall not be a particular Inſtrument for our Deſtruction. As for Example, allow him *Fortitude*, ſuppoſe him a Prince of matchleſs Courage: So much the worſe; what does that but make him the more daring, and more adventurous, in puſhing on the Cauſe of *Rome*, and with a more undaunted and manly patience bear all the Oppoſitions he meets in the way. If he be a Man of *Juſtice*, that ſtill makes for *Rome*: for whilſt he believes the *Pope* to be *Chriſt*'s Lawful Vicar, and that that Office includes the Eccleſiaſtical Supremacy, no doubt but he'll think it as much the Duty of his *Chriſtianity* to give the Pope his Right, as to take his own: And in *Chriſt*'s own Words, that *give unto* Cæſar *the things that are* Cæſar's, *and unto God thoſe things that are God's*, he'll certainly judge the *Popes* Reſtoration as great a piece of Juſtice, as his own Coronation. Then if he be a Maſter of *Temperance*, in the propereſt ſenſe of this Moral Vertue, *viz.* a Man that can govern his Paſſions, that's ſtill as bad: For he that has the moſt bridled Paſſions, has always the firmeſt and ſteadieſt Reſolutions. Who ſo renown'd for Conſtancy, ſo fixt in his Reſolves, and ſo unalterable in his determin'd Purpoſes, as that *Philip* of *Spain*, who was never heard to rage, or ſcarce ſeen to frown? Nay, Hiſtory gives this Character of him, That after the diſcovery of his Queens Adultery with his own Son, at the ſame minute that he order'd her a Bowl of Poyſon, he did not ſo much as change his Look, or Voice, either to his treacherous Son, or his inceſtuous Wife. And what ſo fit a Pillar for *Popery*, as ſuch Conſtancy in a King?

But if we take *Temperance* in its larger ſignification, *viz.* the ſelf-denial of a Man's Worldly Apperites; ſtill worſe and worſe: For a Riotous Luxurious Monarch bounds his Ambition wholly in the Pleaſures of a Crown, reſigns his Reins to his Charioteers, and leaves the Toil of Power to his Subordinate Magiſtrates, like the Work of Fate to Second Cauſes; whilſt his Intemperance ſo ſlackens his Zeal, that it unbends thoſe very Nerves, which otherwiſe might be more ſtrenuouſly wound up for our Deſtruction.

And laſtly, If he has *Prudence*, that's worſt of all. That's his onely winning Card; the onely leading Vertue that manages his Policies and Conduct with that Care and Art, till he effects the Buſineſs of *Rome*, and ripens that mighty Work to a perfection, which otherwiſe an overforward fool-hardy Zeal, by ill management, might deſtroy.

Thus his very *Cardinal Vertues* are the abſolute Hinges that open the Gates to *Rome*. Alas! where Superſtition rules the day, all Moral Vertues are but thoſe leſſer Lights that take their Illumination from that greater Orb above 'em. And thus, what boots it in a Popiſh Heir, to ſay he's the trueſt Friend, the greateſt of *Heroes*, the beſt of Maſters, the juſteſt Judge, or the honeſteſt of Men? All meer treacherous Quickſands for a People to repoſe the leaſt glimpſe of Safety in, or build the leaſt Hopes upon. But

But I have heard a great many ſay, *It cannot enter into their thoughts, that a Popiſh Succeſſour will ever take ſuch an inhumane and ſo unnatual a Courſe to eſtabliſh Popery, it being ſo abſolutely againſt the* Engliſh *Conſtitution, that it can never be introduced with leſs than a Deluge of Blood. Surely his very Glory ſhould withold him from ſo much Cruelty, conſidering how much more it would be for his Immortal Honour, to have the univerſal Prayers than the Curſes of a Nation. And one would think a King would ſo much more endeavour to win the Hearts, than the Hatred of his People, that certainly in all probability this excentrick Motion, this disjoynting the whole Harmony of a World, ſhould be ſo ungrateful to him, that no Religion whatever ſhould put ſuch a thought into his Head.*

And all this his Glory ſhall do? His Glory! The Glory of a *Papiſt!* A pretty Airy Notion. How ſhall we ever expect that Glory ſhall ſteer the Actions of a *Popiſh Succeſſour*, when there is not that thing ſo abject that he ſhall refuſe to do, or that Shape or Hypocriſie ſo ſcandalous he ſhall not aſſume, when *Rome* or *Romes* Intereſt ſhall command; nay, when his own petulant Stubbornneſs ſhall but ſway him? As for example; For one fit he ſhall come to the *Proteſtant* Church, and be a Member of their Communion, notwithſtanding at the ſame time his Face belies his Heart, and in his Soul he is a *Romaniſt*. Nay, he ſhall vary his Diſguiſes as often as an *Algerine* his Colours, and change his Flag to conceal the Pyrate. As for inſtance; Another fit, for whole Years together, he ſhall come neither to one Church nor th'other, and participate of neither Communion, till ignobly he plays the unprincely, nay the unmanly Hypocrite, ſo long, that he ſhelters himſelf under the Face of an *Atheiſt*, to ſhrowd a *Papiſt*. A Vizor more fit for a *Banditto*, than a Prince. And this methinks is ſo wretched and ſo deſpicable a Diſguiſe, that it looks like being aſham'd of his God.

Beſides, If Glory could have any Aſcendant over a *Popiſh Succeſſour*, one would think the Word of a King, and the Solemn Proteſtations of Majeſty, ought to be Sacred and Inviolable. But how many Precedents have we in *Popiſh* Princes to convince us, their ſtrongeſt Engagements and Promiſes are lighter than the very Breath that utters 'em. As for Examples ſake; How did their Saint *Mary* of *England* promiſe the *Norfolk* and *Suffolk* Inhabitants the unmoleſted continuation of the *Proteſtant* Worſhip, calling her God (that God that ſaw the falſeneſs of her Heart) to witneſs, *That though her own Perſuaſion was of the Romiſh Faith, yet ſhe would content her ſelf with the private Exerciſe of her own Devotion, and preſerve the then Proteſtant Government, with all her Subjects Rights and Priviledges, uninjur'd.* Upon which thoſe poor, credulous, honeſt, deluded Believers, on the ſecurity of ſuch prevalent Conjurations, led by the miſtaken Reverence they paid to a proteſting Majeſty, laid their Lives at her Feet, and were the very Men that in that Conteſt of the Succeſſion plac'd her on a Throne: But immediately, when her Soveraign Power was ſecurely eſtabliſhed, and his pious Holineſs had bid her ſafely pull the Vizor off, no ſooner did *Smithfield* glow with Piles of blazing Hereticks, but Chronicles more particularly obſerve, that no People in her whole Kingdom felt ſo ſignal Marks of her Vengeance, as thoſe very Men that raiſed her to a Throne. Her Princely Gratitude for their Crowning her with a Diadem, Crown'd them with their Martyrdoms.

But ſince we have mentioned her Princely Gratitude, 'twill not be amiſs to recollect one Inſtance more of ſo exemplary a Vertue. In the Diſpute betwixt hers, and the Lady *Jane Grays* Title to the Crown, it was remarkable, that all the Judges of *England* gave their unanimous Opinions for the Lady *Janes* Succeſſion, except one of them only, that aſſerted the right of *Mary*: But it ſo fell out, that this Man proving a *Proteſtant*, (notwithſtanding of all the whole Scarlet-Robe he had been her only Champion) was ſo barbarouſly

barbarously persecuted by her, that being first degraded, then imprison'd and tortur'd for his Religion, the cruelty of his Tormentors was so savage, that with his own hand he made himself away to escape 'em. And well might the violence of his Despair sufficiently testifie his Sufferings were intolerable, when he fled to so sad a Refuge as Self-murder for a Deliverance.

But here says another Objection, *Suppose that the Conservation of a Nations Peace, the Dictates of a Princes Glory, and all the Bonds of Morality, cannot have any influence over a Popish Successour; yet why may there not be that Prince, who in veneration of his Coronation-Oath, shall defend the Protestant Religion, notwithstanding all his private regret, and inclinations to the contrary? When rather than incur the infamous brand of Perjury, he shall tie himself to the performance of that, which not the force of Religion it self shall violate? And then, how can there be that Infidel of a Subject, after so solemn an Oath, that shall not believe him?*

Why, truly, I am afraid there are a great many of those Infidels, and some that will give smart Reasons for their Infidelity: For, if he keeps his Oath, we must allow, that the only Motive that prompts him to keep it, is some Obligation that he believes is in an Oath. But considering he is of a Religion that can absolve Subjects from their Allegiance to an Heretical Excommunicated Prince, nay depose him, and take his very Crown away; why may it not much more release a King from his Faith to an Excommunicated Heretical People, by so much as the Ties of Vassals to Monarchs, are greater than those of Monarchs to Vassals?

But 'twill not be amiss, for strengthning this Argument, to give the World an Instance of the power of an Oath with a *Roman Catholick* King.

There is a famous Gentleman on the other side the Water, whom we all very well know, (pray Heaven we live not to be better acquainted with him than we desire) that once took the strongest of Oaths, the Sacrament, *That he would never invade nor make war upon Flanders.* But whether or no his *Confessour* found some *Jesuitical* Loop-hole from that Sacrament, or that the Body and Blood of *Christ* could not hold him, we see that *Flanders* of late years has not liv'd so merrily, nor so peaceably, as so Royal a Voucher (one would have thought) might have assured them they should.

And now let us a little balance the difference between the Breach of his Oath, and that of a *Popish* Princes in *England.* All the Motives that could provoke him to the breach of his Oath, was only his Ambition, a Lust of being Great: And at the same time that he is an Invader of his Neighbouring Princes, his Conscience must tell him his Conquests are at best but so many glorious Robberies, and all his Trophies but shining Rapines. Was it not the sense of this that made *Charles* the Fifth, who may be also called *Great*, after all his Victories, retire from a Throne into a Cloyster, out of meer remorse for all the Streams of Blood he had shed, to make the last part of his Life an Attonement for the Faults of the first?

And then if a *Roman Catholick* can break an Oath only for the pleasure of Conquering, which he knows is doing ill; shall not a *Popish* Prince in *England* have ten times more inclination to break an Oath for the propagation of his own Faith, which his Conscience tells him is Meritorious? For, besides the specious flattery, *That Kings can do no ill*, and *That all Crimes are cancelled in a Crown*, he has Religion to drive the Royal *Jehu* on; Religion, that from the beginning of the World, thro' all Ages, has set all Nations in a Flame, yet never confesses it self in the wrong. Besides, how can a *Popish* Prince, in attempting to establish his own Religion, believe he does his Subjects an Iniustice in that very thing in which he does God Justice; or think he injures hem, when he does their Souls right? Alas! no: When *Rome* by her insinuating

nuating Witchcrafts has lifted the full Bowl of her Inchantments to his Lips, what will his holy enthusiastick Rage do less than the hot-brain'd drunken *Alexander*? All his best Friends, and every honest *Clytus* that dares but thwart his Frenzy, is presently his Frenzies Sacrifice: only with this difference; the frantick *Alexander*, after his drunken Fit was over, in his milder and more sensible Intervals, with all the compunctions of penitence, could mourn and groan for what his blinder Rage had murder'd: But Religious Frenzy leaves that eternal Intoxication behind it, that where it commits all the Cruelties in the World, 'tis never sober after to be sorry for't. Thus whilst a *Popish* King sets his whole Kingdom in a combustion, how little does he think he plays a second *Nero*? Good conscientious Man, not he: Alas! he does not tune his Joys to the Tyrannick *Nero's Harp*, but to *David's* milder and more sacred *Lyre*; whilst in the height of his pious Ecstasie he sings *Te Deum* at the Conflagration. Thus with an Arbitrary unbounded Power, what does his licencious holy thirst of Blood do less, than make his Kingdom a larger Slaughter-house, and his *Smithfield* an Original Shambles? Thus the old *Moloch* once again revives, to feast and riot on his dear Humane Sacrifice: And whilst his fiery Iron Hands crush the poor burning Victime dead, the propagation of Religion, and the Glory of God, as he calls it, are the very Trumpets that deaten all the feeble Cries of Blood, and drown the dying Groans of what he murders.

Thus whilst the Bonds of Faith, Vows, Oaths, and Sacraments can't hold a *Popish Successour*, what is that in an Imperial Head, but what in a private Man we punish with a Gaol and Pillory; whilst the perjur'd Wretch stands the universal Mark of Infamy, and then is driven from all Conversation, and like a Monster hooted from Light and Day. But the *Pope* and a Royal Hand may do any thing; there's a Crown in the case to gild the Deeds his Royal Engins act.

*——— Et quod*
*Turpe est Cerdoni, Volesos Brutesque, decebit.*

They are still that adorable Sovereign Greatness we must kneel to, and obey. What if a little perjur'd Villain has sworn a poor Neighbour out of a Cow or a Cottage! hang him, inconsiderable Rogue, his Ears deserve a Pillory. But to Vow and Covenant, and forswear three Kingdoms out of their Liberties and Lives, that's Illustrious and Heroick. There's Glory in great Atchievements, and Vertue into Success. Alas! a vast Imperial *Nimrod* hunts for Nobler Spoils, flies at a whole Nations Property and Inheritance. A Game worthy a Son of *Rome*, and Heir of *Paradise*. And to lay the mighty Scene of Ruine secure, he makes his Coronation Oath, and all his Royal Protestations, (those splendid Baits of premeditated Perjury) the Cover and Skreen to the hidden fatal Toil laid to insnare a Nation.

But now to their main Objection: *Some People will tell us, That 'tis wholly impossible for any Popish Successour, by all his Arts or Endeavours whatever, to introduce Popery into* England.

To this I answer, If he's a Papist that says so, he knows he belies his Conscience; for our late Hellish Plot is a plain Demonstration, that their whole Party believed it possible. For did not the late Secretary St. *Coleman's* Records tell us, *That the pestilent Northern Heresie was to be rooted out, and that now they had as much hopes of accomplishing that Sacred Work of* Rome, *as they had in Queen* Marys *days*? Could any thing be plainer, than that the subtle *Jesuits* had formed a Design to effect it? For it is contrary to Reason, and even Nature it self, (as bloody as their Principles are) to think they aim'd at the Life of their King, and would play the Regicides only to commit the blackest of Murders, for meerly Murders sake. No: They had the

assurance under a presumptive Popish Heir, of making a National Conversion; and how little privy soever he might possibly be to their principal and hellish Blow, yet they had that perfect in-sight into the very Soul of a *Papist*, that they were satisfied that under that Notion it was impossible for him to be otherwise than a Man of *Romes* right stamp, and their Hearts own liking. And if under such a Successour, their hopes of a Nations Conversion were equal to those in Queen *Marys* time, no doubt the converting Means must have been as Bloody or Bloodier than hers. For if after the short Infancy of seven years Reformation, under the Protestant *Edward* the Sixth's Reign, there wanted Fire and Faggot to restore the *Pope*; how much more will he want them for his Restoration, after an Exclusion of almost Seven-score years together, with all the necessary Difficulties of regaining his Empire, where his Throne has been so long demolish'd? Nay, in *Edward's* Days the only detestation of the Fopperies, Idolatries, and Superstitions of *Rome*, was all that went to make a *Protestant Reformation*. Alas! the Beast was then but young: But his Horns are since grown stronger, and his Teeth and Tallons sharper? For, since that, we have had the notorious *Paris* and *Irish* Massacres, when at one riotous Festival above 100000 bleeding Protestant Hearts were all gorged by the devouring Monster in a Night. Add to these, the succeessive Villanies of Gunpowder-Treasons, Fired Cities, with Plots against Kings and Kingdoms, which serve to heighten the Protestant Abhorrency. And if after all this we must still be converted, most certainly his Holiness must follow *Nebuchadnezzar's* Example, and heat his Fiery Furnace seven times hotter than formerly.

Thus far we are convinc'd that the *Jesuits* beliv'd it possible; and they are too cunning and politick a sort of People, to be deceiv'd with Shadows, or make Mountains of Mole-hills. And that it may not be objected, *That their Zeal has blinded their Reason*, let us but rightly consider, how far the first Foundations of *Popery*, (*viz. Arbitrary Power*) may be laid in *England*. First, then, if a *Papist* Reign, we very well understand that the Judges, Sheriffs, Justices of the Peace, and all the Judiciary Officers, are of the King's Creation: And as such, how far may the Influence of Preferment on baser Constitutions, cull'd out for his purpose, prevail even to deprave the very Throne of Justice her self, and make our Judges use even our *Protestant Laws* themselves to open the first Gate to Slavery? Alas! the Laws, in corrupted Judges hands, have been too often used as barbarously as the Guests of *Procrustes*, who had a Bed for all Travellers; but then he either cut them shorter, or stretch'd them longer, to fit them to it. Well, but if the Publick Ministers of Justice betray the Liberty of the Subject, the Subject may petition for a Parliament to punish 'em for't. But what if he will neither hear one, nor call the other? who shall compel him? The intail'd Revenues of the Crown are much larger than his *Popish* Predecessors e're enjoy'd, notwithstanding all the Branches of it that terminate with the Life of this present King. Besides, if this will not do, there's no doubt but he'll find sufficient Assistance from the *Pope*, *English Papists*, and Foreign Princes: And then having but a prudent Eye, and a tenacious Hand, to manage his Exchequer, we shall find he'll never call that People he shall never have need of. And then where are our Parliaments, and a Redress for all the Grievances and Oppressions in the World? But all this while the *Pope* is not Absolute, there wants a Standing Army to crown the Work. And he shall have it; for who shall hinder him? Nay, all his Commanders shall be qualified, even by our present Protestant Test, for the Employment. He shall have enough Men of the Blade out of one half of the Gaming-houses in Town, to Officer twice as many Forces as he shall want. 'Tis true, they shall be Men of no Estates nor Principles; but they shall fight

as

as well as those that have both: For People are ever as valiant that have their Fortunes to raise, as those that have them to defend: nay, of the two they shall be more faithful to him; for they have no Property to be concern'd for, and will more zealously serve him, by reason their whole Interests and Estates lie in him. And that this Army may be more quietly raised, how many Honourable Pretences may be found? Perhaps the greatest and most importunate Preservation of his Kingdom shall call for it; and then, upon second thoughts, in stead of defeating some Foreign Enemy, they are opportunely ready to cut our Throats at home, if we do not submit, and give all that this King shall ask. And then I hope none will deny, but his Revenue may be as great as he and his Popish Counsellors shall think fit to make it.

Thus far we have given the Pourtraicture of a *Popish King*: And now let us take a Draught of his Features in his Minority; that is, whilst he is only a *Popish Heir Apparent*.

Imagine then a long and prosperous Reign of a *Protestant* Prince, a Prince so excellently qualified, that true Original of Clemency, Goodness, Honour, all the most dazling Beams of Majesty: That with all his Sacred Princely Endowments he renders himself so true a Vicegerent of Heaven in his Three Kingdoms, so near an Image of God in the moderation of his Temper, and the dispensation of his Laws, that even the nearness of his affinity to Heaven should entitle him to the deerest Care of it. And to prove him the deerest Care of Heaven, imagine likewise that Heaven has given him a People of those loyal and grateful Principles, looking up with that thankful Allegiance, and kneeling with that humble Veneration to the best of Kings, the Authour of their Prosperity, and the Founder of his Kingdoms Glory, that they have made it the greatest study of their Obedience to deserve so good a King. Witness in all Exigences their cordial tendring their Lives to serve him, and so far endeavouring to strengthen his Scepter and his Sword, till perhaps they have added those Gems to his Crown, that all his Princely Ancestors could never boast of: Being so truly strenuous in rendring their Purses and Fortunes his absolute Votaries, till they have made his Revenue more than trebbly exceed all his Royal Predecessors: And not stopping here, but upon all occasions continuing their generous and unwearied Bounty: Nay, that too, not always where his Peoples Safety, and his Kingdoms Glory, but where his private Satisfaction call'd for it; as if they were resolved to yield their Hands and Hearts so entire a Sacrifice to Majesty, that they would gratifie even his softest Wishes, studying to sweeten his Fatigue of Empire with all the Pleasures of a Throne.

Now let us suppose, after a long Tranquillity of this matchless Monarch's Reign, That the immediate Heir to his Crown, and a part of his Blood, by the Sorceries of *Rome* is canker'd into a *Papist*. And to pursue this Landschape, we see this once happy flourishing Kingdom so far (as in all Duty and Reason bound) concern'd for themselves, their Heirs, and their whole Countries safety, till with an honest, cautious, prudent Fear they begin to inspect a Kingdoms universal Health; till weighing all the Symptoms of its State, they plainly descry those Pestilential Vapours fermenting, that may one day infect their Air, and sicken their World; and see that rising Eastern Storm engendring, that will once bring in those more than *Egyptian* Locusts, that will not onely fill their Houses, and their Temples, but devour their Labours, their Harvests, and their Vintages. Thus they so long survey their threatned Countries Danger, till with a more than Prophetick horrour, they manifestly discover all the inseparable Concomitants of a *Popish Successour*; and, like true Patriots, anticipate their Woes, with a present sense of the future Miseries they foresee.

With

With these just Resentments of their dangerous State, 'tis ease to conclude what follows. What is this *Popish Heir* in the Eye of *England*, but perhaps the greatest and onely Grievance of the Nation, the universal Object of their Hate and Fear, and the Subject of their Clamours and Curses, at whose Door lie their Discontents and Murmurs; But 'tis Murmurs so violent, that they thrust in amongst their very Prayers, and become almost a part of their Devotions: Murmurs so bold, that they dare approach the very Palace, nay Throne and Ear of Majesty. And whenever the People of *England* reflect on this Heir as their King in Reversion, they have reason to look upon him as no better than *Jupiter's* Stork amongst the Frogs. Yet, notwithstanding all his former Glories and Conquests, his whole Stock of Fame is so lost and buried in his Apostacy from the Religion, and consequently the Interest of these Protestant Kingdoms, that all his Services are cancell'd, and his whole Mass of Glory corrupted.

Suppose likewise this *Popish* Heir for many happy years so blest in the Tenderness and Friendship of the best of Kings, that there is not that Favour or Honour within the reach or wish of Majesty, that he has not made it the Study of his whole Reign to confer upon him; whilst his Greatness and Lustre have been so much his dearest darling Care, as if the promoting his Interest had been the Support of his own; till in short he has had so large a share in the Bosom of this Royal *Pylades*, this kindest and most gracious of Princes, as if one Soul had animated them both.

On this Foundation, as great Affections are not easily removed, and Sympathy is that Bond which Humane Power can ne'er dissolve, suppose moreover, that this inseparable Tie continues so long, notwithstanding all the Changes of Principles and Religion, a Byas so heavy that it almost overturns a Kingdom: Yet still the force of Nature and Friendship surmounts them all, and stands that zealous unshaken Bulwark, for the protection and safety of this dearest part of himself; till at length he does little less than act so over-fond a *Pelican*, that he exhausts even his own Vitals to cherish him.

Thus whilst the long and lawful Fears of a drooping Nation have fully and justly satisfied them, that the kindest and most favourable Aspect of Majesty that smiles on *England*, thro' the defence and Interest of a *Popish Heir*, shines but like the Sun thro' a Burning-glass, whose gentlest morning Vernal Beams, thro' that fatal *Medium*, do but burn and consume what otherwise they would warm and cherish; what can the Consequence of this unhappy Friendship be, but that the very Souls and Loyalties of almost a whole Kingdom are staggered at this fatal Conjunction; till I am afraid there are too many, who in detestation of that one gangren'd Branch of Royalty, can scarce forbear (how undutifully soever) to murmur and revile even at that Imperial Root that cherishes it? Insomuch that those very Knees that but now would have bow'd into their very Graves to serve him, grow daily and hourly so far from bending (as they ought) to a Crown'd Head, till they are almost as stubborn as their Petitions and Prayers have been ineffectual.

Thus whilst a *Popish Heir's* extravagant Zeal for *Rome* makes him shake the very Throne that upholds him, by working and incroaching on the Affections of Majesty for that Protection and Indulgence that gives Birth and Life to the Heart-burnings of a Nation; what does he otherwise, than in a manner stab his King, his Patron, and his Friend, in his tenderest part, his Loyal Subjects Hearts? Which certainly is little less than to play the more lingering sort of Parricide; a part so strangely unnatural, that even Savages would blush at; yet this Religion, incorrigible remorseless Religion, never shrinks at.

Thus

Thus whilſt the Univerſal Nerves of a whole ſtrugling Nation bend their united force againſt the Invaſion of Pope and Popery, in ſtudying to prevent Tyranny, they grow jealous of Monarchy. And fearing leſt their Loyal Aid to the Father of their Country ſhould unhappily contribute to the ſtrengthning of the Subverters of their Peace and Liberty, inſtead of that Tributary gold which once they ſo cheerfully ſhower'd at their dread Soveraign's feet, now on the contrary the protection of a Popiſh Succeſſor makes them ſo far from ſupplying the real and moſt preſſing Neceſſities of Majeſtie, that they are rather well-pleaſed and triumph in his greateſt wants, and that perhaps when his Glory, nay poſſibly when his neareſt Safety calls for their Aſſiſtance.

Thus what does this Popiſh Heir in tying up the hands of a whole Nation from their juſt devotion to their King, but onely this, In return for the accumulated Honours heaped upon him, he moſt inhumanely ſtarves the very hand that fed him. An Ingratitude that even an Infidel would be aſhamed of! But this Religion, incorrigible remorſeleſs Religion, never bluſhes at.

Beſides, if there can be a Son of that Royal Martyr *Charles* the Firſt, a Prince ſo truly pious, that his very Enemies dare not aſperſe his Memory or Life with the leaſt blemiſh of Irreligion; a Prince that ſeal'd the *Proteſtant Faith* with his blood; who in his deplorable Fate and ignominious Death, bore ſo near a reſemblance to that of the Saviour's of the World, that his Sufferings can do no leſs than ſeat him at the right hand of Heaven. If, I ſay, there can be a Son of that Royal Proteſtant, of that uncharitable *Popiſh* Faith, who by the very Tenets of his Religion dooms all that die without the boſome of their Church irreparably damn'd; then conſequently he muſt barbarouſly tear up his Fathers ſacred Monument, brand his bleſſed memory with the name of Heretick; and to compleat the horrid *Anathema*, he moſt impiouſly execrates the very Majeſtie that gave him being.

Then in fine, provided and granted that we have an Heir to the Imperial Crown of *England* perverted to the *Romiſh* Faith, and conſequently of that depraved conſtitution and principles, that he has neither charity for the Stock from whence he ſprang, concern or care for the ſafety, peace, glory, or proſperity of the beſt of Patrons, Friends, and Kings; nor laſtly, any remorſe for all the Groans of an afflicted Kingdom: What promiſes can we give our ſelves of his future Reign, when we have all theſe fatal Prognoſticks before-hand? *Ex pede Hercules.* Or is it likely he will have greater care and tenderneſs for a Nations peace, when he ſhall be ſeated on a Throne, and have more power to take it from them?

But ſays a Critick to all this, *Suppoſe this Popiſh Heir undoubtedly believes (as a Papiſt muſt do) that there's no way to Heaven but his own; ſhould be ſo far comply with the glory or intereſt of his King, though a Father or a Brother, on the one ſide, and the quiet and ſafety of a Nation on the other, as to renounce his principles of Chriſtianity, and conform to theirs? What were that, but to purchaſe their peace with his own damnation, and to ſacrifice his own Soul for their worldly intereſts? And certainly neither Duty, nor Allegiance, nor any Tye whatever, ought to extort that from him. And then, if all the grievances of a Kingdom lie at his door, alas, the worſt can be ſaid of him is, That if he be any occaſion of it, 'tis his unhappineſs, and not his fault. More eſpecially, provided he is onely paſſive, and that we*

 *plainly*

*plainly ſee, that during his being this Popiſh Heir, he acts nothing that may encourage or favour Popery in the leaſt.*

Pray, by the way, How muſt it follow, that if we do not plainly ſee him act, that therefore he muſt not act? Does no man act, but he that publickly treads the Stage? Does no man ſit at the Helm, but he that viſibly holds the Rudder? Does no wind ſtir the troubled Sea into a Tempeſt, but what the poor Mariners both hear and feel? no Storm, but that which lightens in their Eyes, and thunders in their Ears, to warn 'em 'tis a coming? Alas, alas, the greateſt Hurricanes are onely made by ſubterranean Winds. A ſecret, ſilent, underground-working Mine of Ruine, which never burſts out till it deſtroys, and which no man hears or ſees till he is loſt.

But to return to the Objection, *The grievance of a Nation may be his unhappineſs, and not his fault*, &c. That is, in ſhort, he cannot help it. Very right. And ſo when this *Popiſh* Heir comes to the Crown, and promotes the *Romiſh* Intereſt with all the Severity, Injuſtice, and Tyranny, that Religious Cruelty can invent; his anſwer will be, he cannot help it, or at leaſt cannot withſtand thoſe irreſiſtible motives that prompt him to their execution; which is the ſame thing. The injunctions of his Conſcience make him as active now in the ruining a Kingdoms peace, as he was paſſive in it before. For who can be ſo void of common ſenſe, as not to know, that the ſame impulſe of Conſcience that makes a man a *Roman Catholick*, will make him act like one when opportunity ſerves? And what greater opportunity to eſtabliſh *Popery*, than for a *Papiſt* to wear a Crown? And tho' perhaps the ſtubborn *Engliſh Genius* will not eaſily bend to the Superſtition of *Rome*, yet ſince his Almighty Friend the *Pope*, the undiſputed Keeper of the Keys of *Paradiſe*, will no doubt aſſigne him no common Diadem in Heaven for ſo glorious a Taſk as a Nations Converſion, who then will not make that ſacred Work the ſtudy of years, which cannot be accompliſht in a day, for ſuch a Reward? Eſpecially when he has theſe two infallible Arguments to ſpur him on in ſo godly a Cauſe: Firſt then, he is of a Religion that makes humane Merit the path to Salvation. *Merit*, the *Roman Catholick* Exchequer, *Rome's* bottomleſs Golden Mine. *Merit*, that makes the frighted dying ſinner ſtarve his own Blood, and pawn his Eſtate, to redeem his Soul. *Merit*, that drains the Wealth of Nations into the prieſtly Coffers, and makes the Luxury of a World the pamper'd riotous Church-mans Inheritance. *Merit*, that can make a *Loretto*-Chappel vie with a *Venetian Arſenal*; and *Rome's* Altars, Cloyſters, and Covents, riſe ſo high, ſo rich, ſo numerous, and ſo magnificent, tho' the impoveriſht Widows groans, and the naked Orphans cryes, do little leſs towards the building than a ſecond *Amphion*. Nay, *Merit*, that can conſecrate Daggers, and kill Kings. Thus whilſt he has the Wonder-working *Merit* for his Tutor, what greater and more meritorious act to canonize him a Saint of the firſt magnitude, than the converting of an Apoſtatized Heretical Kingdom?

And then next, he is of a Religion that does not go altogether in the old-faſhion Apoſtolical way of preaching and praying, and teaching all Nations, *&c.* but ſcourging, and wracking, and broiling 'em into the fear of God. A Religion that for its own propagation will at any time authorize its Champions to diveſt themſelves of their humanity, and act worſe than Devils, to be Saints. And thus whilſt neither the cries of Blood can deter him on the one ſide, and ſo no Tyranny come amiſs to him; and next, that he

has

has the undeniable assurance of the greatest blessings of Eternity to encourage him on the other; with these advantages, who would not be as active as a second *Romulus*, and with all his utmost vigour and pride, build up his *Romes* new Walls, tho' he made his nearest, nay the Nations dearest blood their Cement?

And thus what is a *Popish* Heir, but the most terrible and the most dangerous of *Englands* Enemies, and of all our Foes, has the most inflexible invincible Enmity. Nay, the very outrages of Thefts, Murders, Adulteries, and Rebellions, are nothing to the pious Barbarities of a *Popish* King. The Murderer and Adulterer may in time be reclaimed by the precepts of Morality, and the terrours of Conscience. The Thief, by the dread of a Gallows may become honest. Nay, the greatest Traytor, either by the fear of Death, or the apprehensions of Hell, may at last repent. But a *Papist* on a Throne has an unconfutable vindication for all his proceedings, challenges a Commission even from Heaven for all his Cruelty dares act. And when the enchantments of *Rome* have toucht his Tongue with a Coal from her Altars, what do his Enthusiasms make him believe, but that the most savage and most hellish Dooms his blinded zeal can pronounce, are the immediate Oracles of God? and all the Apology a poor Nation can expect from him, is, *He cannot help it.*

*I, but* (say the wisest Criticks we have met with yet) *if these be the dangers of a Popish King, why have we not such strong, such potent Laws made before this popish Heir come to the Crown, that it shall be impossible for him ever to set up* Popery, *though he should never so much endeavour it?*

To this I answer; To endeavour to set up Popery by Law, even with the Laws that we have already against it, is impossible; and therefore the very supposition of the Projection that way is nonsence. And on the other side, to conclude he'll endeavour to do it against Law, and so to make new Laws on purpose for him to break them with their fellows, is worse nonsence than t'other. Besides, Who shall call this King to question for breaking these Laws, if he has the power and will to do it? I fancy that the onely neariest illustration I can make upon this point, in creating new Laws against Popery in case of a Popish Successor, is as politick a piece of work in the kinde, as building the Hedge to fence in the Cuckow. 'Tis true, I will not deny, but a Popish King may be totally restrain'd from all power of introducing Popery, by the force of such Laws that may be made to tye up his hands; but then they must be such as must ruine his Prerogative, and put the executive power of the Laws into the hands of the People. If a King of *England* were no more than a *Stadt-holder* in *Holland*, or a *Duke* of *Venice*, no doubt Popery would have little hopes of creeping into *England*; which is in short, he that is no King, can be no Tyrant. But what Monarch will be so unnatural to his own Blood, so ill a Defender, and so weak a Champion for the Royal Dignity he wears, as to sign and ratifie such Laws as shall entail that effemenacy and that servility on a Crown, as shall render the Imperial Majesty of *England* but a Pageant, a meer Puppet upon a Wire? If then no King will assent to make Laws to do it this way, and no Laws can do it t'other, all Laws against Popery, in case of a Popish Successor, are, as I told you before, but building the Hedge, *&c.* For indeed, how can the force of Laws made by a Protestant Predeces-

Predeceſſor, and a Proteſtant Parliament, in any ſort binde a Popiſh Succeſſor, when the very firſt advance of the Popes Supremacy introduces that higher power, thoſe Canonick Eccleſiaſtick Laws, which no Secular, or any Temporal Court can or may controul? Laws that ſhall declare, not onely all the Statutes and Acts of Parliament made againſt the dignity of Mother Church, void and null, but the very Law-makers themſelves as Hereticks, wholly uncapable of ever having any right of making ſuch Laws. No doubt then, but that fire that burns thoſe Heretick Law-makers, ſhall give their Laws the ſame Martyrdom.

With this certain proſpect, both of the Ruine of their Eſtates, Lives, and Liberties, where lyes the ſin in the Commons of *England* to ſtand upon their guard againſt a *Popiſh* Succeſſor? Aye, a God's name let 'em ſtand upon their guards, and uſe all expedients to keep out *Popery* and *Tyranny*, provided ſtill that we preſerve the ſacred Succeſſion in its right Line; for that we are told both King and peop e are obliged in Conſcience to defend and uphold.

I think I need not inſiſt further in multiplying Arguments to prove how far 'tis impoſſible to do one without the other; but on the other ſide, let us examine how the defending and eſtabliſhing a *Popiſh* Succeſſor, is an obligation on our Duties or Conſciences.

Firſt then, let us fancy we ſee this *Popiſh* Heir on his Throne, and by all the moſt illegal and arbitrary means, contrary to the whole frame and hinges of the *Engliſh* Government, introducing *Popery* with that zeal and vigour, till his infatuated Conſcience has perverted the King into a Tyrant. And not to ſtop here, If the Conſtitution of the *Engliſh* Majeſty makes a King ſupream Moderator and Governour both Eccleſiaſtick and Civil: What does this *Popiſh* King by admitting the *Pope*'s Church-ſupremacy, but diveſt himſelf of half his Royalty, whilſt like the junior King of *Brainford* in the Play, he reſignes and alienates the right and power of Majeſty to an Invader and an Uſurper? And whilſt we are thus enſlaved by a Medley-Government betwixt Tyranny and Uſurpation, by eſtabliſhing a *Papiſt* on a Throne, we are ſo far from preſerving the Crown, that is, the Imperial Dignity, in a right Line of Succeſſion, that we do not preſerve it at all, but on the contrary extirpate and deſtroy it, whilſt by enthroning a *Papiſt* we totally ſubvert and depoſe the very Monarchy it ſelf. And can it be the duty of either *Engliſhmen* or Chriſtians, to have that zeal for a corrupted leprous Branch of Royalty, that we muſt ruine both Religion, Government, and Majeſty it ſelf, to ſupport him? How much more conſiſtent would it be with the honeſt, prudent, and lawful means of a Nations preſervation, to take out one link out of the whole Chain of Succeſſion, than by preſerving that, to break the whole to pieces? Next let us ſee, who 'tis the Commons of *England* would render uncapable of inheriting the Imperial Crown; a Prince of the Royal Blood, nurſt and bred up in the Proteſtant Allegiance and Faith, and afterwards ſeduced and perverted to the *Romiſh* principles and Superſtition. And what's that, but a Prince whom the unanimous Voice both of King and People, (for ſuch are the Laws of *England*) have declared guilty of High-Treaſon, as we finde it in the firſt Statute in the 23*d* of *Elizabeth*.

## STATUTE.

*Be it declared and enacted by the Authority of this preſent Parliament, That*

*That all perſons whatever, which have, or ſhall have, or pretend to have power, or ſhall by any way or means put in practice to Abſolve, Perſwade, or Withdraw any the Queens Majeſties Subjects, or any within her Highneſs Realms and Dominions, from their natural Obedience to her Majeſty; or withdraw 'em for that intent from the Religion now by her Highneſs Authority eſtabliſht within her Highneſs Dominions, to the* Romiſh *Religion; or to make them, or any of them, to promiſe any Obedience to any pretended Authority of the See of* Rome, *or any other Prince, State, or Potentate, to be had or uſed within her Dominions; or ſhall do any Overt-Act to that intent or purpoſe; and every of them, ſhall be to all intents Adjudged to be Traytors; and being thereof Lawfully Convicted ſhall have Judgment to ſuffer and forfeit as in caſe of High-Treaſon.*

*And if any perſon ſhall, after the end of this Seſſions of Parliament, by any means be willingly Abſolved, or withdrawn as aforeſaid, or willingly Reconciled, or ſhall promiſe any ſuch Obedience to any ſuch pretended Authority, Prince, State, or Potentate, as is aforeſaid; then every ſuch perſon, their Procurers and Councellors thereunto, being thereof lawfully Convicted, ſhall be Tryed and Judged, and ſhall Suffer and Forfeit as in caſes of High-Treaſon.*

Nor was this Act any more than a Confirmation and Explanation of an Act made before, in the 13*th* year of her Reign; *Where 'tis likewiſe declared, That if any perſon, or perſons, ſhall willingly receive or take any Abſolutions, or Reconciliations from the See of* Rome, *that they and their Seducers ſhall be equally guilty of High-Treaſon.* Nay, we have an Act even in *Henry* the 8th's Reign, in which is declared, *That any man that ſhall refuſe the Oath of* Henry's *Supremacy in renunciation of the Pope, ſhall be guilty of High-Treaſon.*

If then we have a Popiſh Heir preſumptive, of the ſame brand that theſe Laws have markt him out, I would aſk, what Crime 'tis in the People of *England* to endeavour to diſable a Tyrant from wearing a Crown? Beſides, they conſider they are under a regulated and bounded Government, a Government where no man ſtands or falls but by his own act and decree; whilſt the whole diſpenſation of *Meum* and *Tuum* are made by every mans ſelf, or his Repreſentatives. Since then the People of *England*, as the Lawmakers, are an eſſential part of the Government; and are fully aſſur'd in the Reign of a Papiſt, that Right will be deſtroy'd, Why ſhould not they be as active and vigorous for their own Royal Inheritance, and Sacred Succeſſion of Power, as a King for his? Nay they ought to be the more vigorous of the two. For the King in defending a *Popiſh* Heir, protects but that Succeſſor, whoſe Tyranny he ſhall never live to ſee (ſince it commences but from his Grave); but the People of *England*, in Aſſerting their Rights and Liberties, and defending themſelves and their Heirs, do oppoſe that Tyranny which they may both live to ſee and feel. And that they may aſſure themſelves they ſhall feel it, if ever a Papiſt mounts this Throne, then all their Murmurs, their Petitions, Proteſtings, and Aſſociation-Votes will be remember'd to the purpoſe. He that has gone a long and tireſome Journey through Brakes and Briars to a ſplendid Palace, when once in poſſeſſion, will ſend out to Root up all thoſe Thorns, and Weed thoſe Thiſtles that gor'd him in the way. Alas! too ſure he'll make good that old Promiſe of God to the Seed of the Woman, *He'll cruſh their Heads, that bruiſed his Heels.* And would it not be hard, that the Folly and Fall of one Man ſhould renew our old *Adam*'s Miſfortune, and entail a Curſe on our whole *Engliſh* Generation? If the

policy of *Rome*, like the old Serpents ſubtilty, has puſt him up into an ambition and luſt of being equal to Gods; may he have *Adam*'s ſucceſs too, whilſt the Proteſtant hearts and hands of *England*, ſtand like the Angels Flaming Sword to expel him from that once Hereditary Paradiſe, which now his Apoſtacy has juſtly forfeited and loſt.

Beſides, that the Diſinheriting of an Heir to the Crown of *England* may not appear a thing ſo illegal, or indeed ſo monſtrous as ſome people would make it, I would only refer thoſe vehement aſſertors of the inviolable right of Succeſſion, to our own Chronicles for their confutation. For they'll find not only the Succeſſion was ſcarce ever kept for Three Kings Reigns together, in a direct line of deſcent, ſince the Conqueſt; but that the Crown and Succeſſion were frequently diſpoſed and ſettled by Acts of Parliament. I ſhall need inſtance but in ſome few particulars. In the 25. of *Henry* the *8th*, we find the Parliament ordering the Succeſſion, and enacting, *That the Imperial Crown of this Realm ſhall be to King* Henry *the* 8th, *and to the Heirs of his body lawfully begotten on Queen* Anne, *and the heirs of the bodies of ſuch ſeveral ſons reſpectively, according to the courſe of inheritance; and for default of ſuch Iſſue, then to the ſons of his body in like manner; and upon failure of ſuch iſſue, then to the Lady* Elizabeth, *&c.* By the ſame Statute is every ſubject at full age obliged by an Oath to defend the contents of this, and the refuſal made miſpriſion of Treaſon. In the 28*th* year of his Reign, was that Act repealed, and the Parliament entailed the Crown on the Heirs of his Body by Queen *Jane*, the Lady *Mary* and the Lady *Elizabeth* being both declared illegitimate, the firſt as the Daughter of *Katharine*, formerly his Brothers Wife, and divorced; and the laſt as the Daughter of *Anne Boleign*, atainted of High Treaſon. *And in caſe he died without iſſue, then the Parliament empower'd him by the ſame Act to diſpoſe of the Succeſſion by his own Letters patents, or his laſt Will.* In the 35th year of his Reign the *Parliament granted the Succeſſion to* Edward, *and for want of Heirs of his Body, to the Lady* Mary, *and the Heirs of her Body; and for want of ſuch Heirs, to the Lady* Elizabeth; *but both ſubject to ſuch conditions as the King ſhould limit by his Letters patents, or by his laſt Will ſigned by his Hand; and if the King left no ſuch Conditions by his Will, or under his Letters Patents, then either of them ſhould enjoy the Imperial Crown, with the limitations only made in that Act.* By theſe Acts we may plainly ſee, that the Succeſſion of the *Engliſh* Crown was wholly ſubjected to the diſpoſal, determinations, and limitations of Parliament. And that we may be well aſſured that that right lay in them, *Henry* the 8th was a Prince of that Wiſdom and Prudence, and ſo far from ſubmitting to Parliaments, that we may be very well aſſur'd, that he would never have complimented them with a power that was not their due. If he had thought in the leaſt that he could have diſpoſed of the Succeſſion himſelf, no doubt but he would have challenged the Prerogative, had he had it to challenge. And as in every one of theſe three Acts they declared that their zeal for ſetling the Succeſſion was for prevention of thoſe miſchiefs, and that bloodſhed that might poſſibly be occaſioned by future diſputes; Here 'tis obſerved, that whilſt they thus bandied the Succeſſion ſo many various ways, by three ſeveral Acts in one Kings Reign, they did not ſo much reſpect the preſervation of the Right Heir, as the Kingdoms ſafety. For had they been ſo paſſionately tender for the next of blood in that Age, as ſome would have us be in this, they would never have excluded the Lady *Ma-*

*ry*

*ry* and *Elizabeth* from the Crown in one Act, or never have re-admitted them again in another. Besides, one thing is remarkable in these Acts of Parliament, *viz.* The last Act of Parliament gives the Succession to those very Ladies whom the King and Parliament had before declared and recorded Illegitimate. Nay, they had proceeded so far, as to make it Treason for any man by Writing or Printing to say or declare that either the Lady *Mary* or the Lady *Elizabeth* were legitimate; and yet afterwards these were no impediments to debar them from a Throne. And *England* was never more blest, than under the long and glorious Reign of that excellent Princess *Elizabeth*, how Illegitimate soever she had been rendered. I shall onely cite one Act more, and that is the 13 of *Elizabeth*, where 'tis made Treason *to affirm the Right of Succession of the Crown to be in any other than the Queen; or to affirm that the Laws and Statutes made in Parliament, do not bind the Right of the Crown, and the descent, limitation, inheritance, and governance thereof.* If after so plain and evident proofs of the undeniable power of Parliaments, we meet so many snarlers against the proceedings of the last, I know no excuse they can make for themselves, but by owning their Ignorance to be as great as their Impudence.

If then (which no man in his right wits can deny) our Religion, Lives, and Liberties are only held by a Protestant Tenure, and the Majesty of *England* not only by the force of his Coronation-Oath, but by all the tyes whatever ought to be the pillar and bulwark of the Protestant Faith, and at the same time granting that we have a Popish Prince to inherit the Imperial Crown of *England*, he ought certainly in all Justice as little to ascend this Throne, as *Nebuchadnezzar* ought to have kept his when the immediate blast of Heaven had made him so uncapable of ruling as a King, that he was only a companion fit for brutes and savages. And if he had no injustice done him when he was thrust out into his proper Element, to feed and herd with the Beasts of the field; a Papist Heir of *England*, with that perswasion and principles so destructive to the *British* State, has as little wrong done him in being debar'd from the Succession, as a fitter Guest for a Cloyster than a Throne. I remember Story tells us, That the Mother of *Paris*, the Son of King *Priam*, dreaming before his birth she had brought forth a Firebrand, that should one day set their *Troy* in flames; immediately upon this, the afflicted King, as a true Father of his Country, notwithstanding all the compunctions of Nature, and tyes of Blood, was so far from cherishing even his own Race, and a Branch of himself, that he ordered the Infant to be brought up amongst Swains, as the Son of a Shepherd; where divested of all his Princely Fortunes, and ignorant of his own high Blood, he should end his days in ignoble obscurity. And all this out of the prophetick horror but of a dream, that seemed to threaten the peace and safety of his Kingdom. And how much more reason has the present power of *England*, for effectually opposing Popery, by disinheriting a Popish Successor, when under a Popish Monarch, our *Troynovant* has the undeniable assurance of being put into a flame; when *Priams* fear was but a Dream? How fabulous soever this Story may appear, yet I am certain we have too much reason to esteem the Moral of it Oraculous. And surely our present greatest Sticklers for an unbroken Succession of the Crown, must of all Mankind set but a very little price upon their Countrey, and conclude our *England* the most inconsiderable part of Christendom, when the interest of one man shall outweigh

weigh that of Three Kingdoms, with the whole ſafety of Religion itſelf, and the Glory of God to fill up the Ballance. But indeed they are reſolved to be poſitive; and be the next of Blood a Papiſt or a Mahumetan, yet if he be born to it, let him Govern us. And truely I cannot forbear to repeat one of their commoneſt Arguments, and as they think ſtrongeſt; which is, *If the Son of a private Gentleman, though a Papiſt, ſhall inherit and quietly poſſeſs his hereditary Eſtate; is it not hard, nay barbarous Injuſtice, That the Son of a King, and the Heir of a Crown, ſhould loſe his Patrimony of Three Kingdoms for being a Papiſt?*

Though this Argument, as *Argumentum à Fortiori*, has mighty ſound in't; yet how feeble will it appear, when the Analogy ſhall be examin'd!

The Papiſt Gentleman that's born to an Eſtate, may peaceably inherit it; yes, and with ſome reaſon for it: For he's a Subject of a Proteſtant Kingdom, and as ſuch, has Proteſtant Laws to rule him. He can neither force his Neighbour or his Tenant to Maſs, or impriſon or burn 'em for Hereticks, nor ſeize their Eſtates as forfeited to *Rome*, whilſt he is a Papiſt. His Religion is only to himſelf, and if he takes any violent or unlawful courſe to propagate his own Perſwaſion, he's not ſo big but he may be brought into *Weſtminſter-hall* to anſwer for it. Nay, poſſibly the Papiſt Subject under a Proteſtant Government, may ſometimes behave himſelf as a more harmleſs and quiet Common-wealths-man, than a Proteſtant himſelf, if for no other than his own preſervation, as not daring to awaken that Juſtice that may inflict the penal Statutes againſt him for his Recuſancy.

But how directly contrary to all this is the influence of a Romiſh Heir, when there is not one of all theſe deſtructive qualities (of which a private man can ne're be guilty) that he on the other ſide ſhall not vigorouſly and undoubtedly put in execution, when once the acquiſition of a Crown has Enabled him for it, as we have at large diſcourſed before? And if the Princely Popiſh Heir be diſinherited, when a private Gentleman eſcapes, 'tis not for his Religion, for that may be alike in both; but for his uncontrolable power of eſtabliſhing that Religion, which a Royal ſtation will inevitably give him.

Alas, the Proteſtant ſtrength is above the fear of any little Popiſh Beaſts of prey: It only behoves their ſafety, to hunt the Imperial Lyon down.

If then the *Engliſh* Blood boils ſo high, and the acceſs of a Papiſt to a Throne muſt neceſſarily meet a paſſage ſo difficult, with all theſe ſolid Bars between; if his Religion were as Honourable as 'tis invincible, what deathleſs Fame, and what eternal Trophies might a Popiſh Heir atchieve, if the welfare of a King and Kingdoms could ſo far influence him, as freely of himſelf to make the union of King and people a work of his own creation, by ſlacking the fatal ſtrength of a too generous Brothers over-violent Friendſhip; and ſo rendring our univerſal peace his inclination, and not neceſſity?

I remember in the old *Roman* Hiſtory, when a long Plague had reigned in *Rome*, and an Earthquake had opened a prodigious Gulph in the middle of the *Forum*, their *Conſulteo Oracle* told 'em, that neither the Plague ſhould be ſtopt, nor the breach cloſed, till the moſt noble Victim in *Rome* had appeaſed their angry Deity. When *Curtius*, a Noble Youth of *Rome*, of the beſt and higheſt *Roman* quality, moſt princely adorn'd, and moſt gallantly mounted on Horſeback, with a look ſo gay and ſo cheerful, more like

that

that of a Bridegroom than a Sacrifice, amidſt a thouſand wondering tender eyes around him, rode headlong into the yawning pit. Thus falling, unterrified at ſo dreadful a precipice for his Countries deliverance, he extorted the promiſe of the Oracle; for the Peſtilence ceaſed, and the cloſing Earth ſealed up his Grave.

The voluntary reſignation of a Popiſh Heir, would be no leſs a ſignal National ſervice in the preſent exigence of *England*, than that of *Curtius* in *Rome*; only 'tis attended with milder circumſtances. Our State, as dangerous as it is, does not require any Sanguinary Sacrifice: The Cure he might make to all our plagues, would be only the eaſier oblation of quitting the doubtful proſpect of a remote and Craggy Throne; and that too, to refix a ſhaking Crown, to regain the hearts of a whole Nation, and build himſelf that Pyramid of Honour, which would outſhine the wearing a Diadem.

Beſides, let Plotting but once end, and the Pendant Sword, which like that of *Damocles*, hangs but by a Hair o're our Soveraigns Head, be ſafely ſheath'd, and give Nature fair play, the little diſparity of their years conſidered, the reſigning of a Crown in all humane probability, would not appear at ſo much diſtance, and ſuch uncertainty, altogether ſo extravagant an offering, eſpecially when 'tis made for a King and Brothers ſafety and glory, a Kingdoms peace and proſperity; nay indeed, the whole repoſe of Chriſtendom, when the concordance of the King and Parliament is the greateſt means for ſtrengthening thoſe Forreign Alliances, that may give check to the fatal growth of *France*.

Nay, above all this, what Immortal Glory would it bring even to the *Romiſh* Religion it ſelf, when a Prince ſo immediately Allied to a Crown, ſhall voluntary lay aſide the hopes and pretenſions to a Temporal Diadem, for an Immortal one? And how many more, at leaſt more Hearty Converts would ſo tranſcendent an example of piety make, beyond the utmoſt ſeverer influence of a Throne? Nay, I may even without flattery ſay, the deed would make him ſo adorable, that for loſing a Crown, he would almoſt raiſe himſelf an Altar.

But *Rome* (Heaven knows) has other work in hand; ſhe'll have no proſelytes of that kind of Creation; her rode of Converſion, I aſſure you, lies quite another way: Beſides, her Champions are not made of ſo pure and ſo refin'd an *Oar*, their *Minerals* are more courſe, and more allay'd. Her Saints, in ſpight of all their Heavenly Contemplations, have ſtill ſo much of Earth about them, that like the feet of *Daniels* Image, they are a mixture between Iron and Clay.

But to ſum up all; If no reaſon muſt or ſhall prevail, and that right or wrong a Papiſt muſt ſucceed, when all the inſeparable Cruelties of Pope and Popery ſhall ſurround us; ſuppoſe the worſt that may be, that the dreadful approach of certain ſlavery, ſo oppoſite to the free born genius of *England*, has exaſperated them into a ſpirit of Rebellion; what is it but the peſtilential Air of reigning Popery, that bloats and ſwells them into that Contagion? And if the Popiſh King ſummons all his Thunder to puniſh 'em for't, what can the greateſt favourer of *Rome* make more on't, than that he warps them crooked, and then breaks 'em to pieces becauſe they are not ſtraight? And what's the whole ſum of a revolting Nation under a Popiſh Tyrant, but uſing a violent cure to expel an univerſal poyſon?

But here will ſome pretended pious Objectors ſay, *How ſhall we dare to Revolt? Remember we are Chriſtians, and we muſt obey, or at leaſt yield a*

*paſſive obedience to our King; be his Religion, Principles, or Government never ſo Tyrannick, he is ſtill the Lords Anointed, and our native Soveraign.*

I would ask what this Lords Anointed is? and who 'tis is our Native Soveraign, when inſtead of being free Subjects, Pope and Tyranny ſhall rule over us, and we are made Slaves and Papiſts? We are bound indeed by our Oaths of Allegiance, to a conſtant Loyalty to the King and his lawful Succeſſours. Very right; by that Oath we are bound to be his lawful Succeſſours Loyal Subjects; but why his Loyal Slaves? Or how is an Arbitrary abſolute Popiſh Tyrant, any longer a lawful Succeſſour to a Proteſtant eſtabliſht and bounded Government, when lawfully ſucceeding to this limited Monarchy, he afterwards violently, unlawfully, and tyrannically over-runs the due bounds of power, diſſolves the whole Royal conſtitution of the Three Free States of *England*, and the Subjects Petition of Right? Whilſt wholly abandoning thoſe Reins of Government which were his lawful birthright, and making new ones of his own illegal creation, he makes us neither thoſe Free-born Subjects we were when we took that Oath, nor himſelf that King we ſwore to be Loyal to. But alas! that Bugbear *paſſive obedience* is a notion crept into the world, and moſt zealouſly, and perhaps as ignorantly defended. There never wanted the authority even of Holy Writ itſelf on all occaſions to vindicate every thing; and there's ſcarce a precedent in the oldeſt Hiſtorick part of the Bible, that ſhall not by an extorted Application, be appropriated even to the duty and neceſſity of all ages, places, and conſtitutions of the world. For example, *They'll tell you that the Prophet* Samuel *makes this anſwer to the* Jews *that deſired a King, That he would make their Sons and Daughters Slaves, and give their Fields, their Vineyards, and their Olive-yards,* &c. *to his Servants, and all this and much more they muſt expect from a King,* &c. *And ye ſhall cry out in that day, becauſe of your King that you have choſen, and the Lord will not hear you in that day. Which was as much, as if the Prophet had ſaid, If a King ſhall, as he may do this, you have no redreſs but to your Prayers for his converſion, and they perhaps too ſhall not be hear'd.* He does not tell them they might revolt or rebel to redreſs themſelves; no, Heaven forbid he ſhould. For what was the King they deſired, but like thoſe of the Nations about them? And what were thoſe Kings but Abſolute? In their own breath lay the voice of the Laws, and *Sic volo ſic Jubeo* was a Decree or Statute; and if they voluntarily ſubmitted, and vowed Allegiance to a King ſo abſolute, and ſo Arbitrary, as ſuch they ought to obey him. And as they freely would run all risks of whatever might follow, it was their own choice, and *Volenti non fit Injuria.* Here indeed a paſſive obedience was due; but what's this to a King of *England?* 'Tis not here, *Sic volo ſic Jubeo*, here 'tis firſt *ſic vult populus*, and then comes *ſic jubet Rex.* Here all our Laws and Decrees by which we are govern'd, are of the peoples choice; firſt made by the Subject, and then confirm'd by the King. Here a King cannot take our Sons and Daughters, or our Fields and Vineyards away, unleſs we pleaſe to give him them.

If the Three States of *England*, which we ſuppoſe the whole Body of *England* lawfully convened in Parliament, ſhall ſubmit to ſuch an Arbitrary Majeſty, to have their *Magna Charta* aboliſht, their Religion and Liberties deſtroyed, and to have Popery and Arbitrary power ſet up, and yield to have the Right of Lords and Commons extirpated, and all devolve into the King, ſo that like the old Kings of *Iſrael*, he may ſet up Idols and molten Calves, and make us bow down and worſhip 'em; if they will do

all

all this, then indeed we are his lawful Slaves, and as ſuch, 'tis our duty to pay him an entire, undiſputed obedience.

I would only beg the world ſeriouſly to conſider how Monarchy itſelf is acquired and founded, and then the duty of Subjects will be more eaſily diſcern'd.

*Monarchy can be acquired but Two ways.*

Firſt, by the choice of the People, who frequently in the beginning of the World, out of the natural deſire of Safety, for the ſecuring a peaceful Community and Converſation, choſe a Single Perſon to be their Head, as a proper Supream Moderator in alldifferences that might ariſe to diſquiet that Community. Thus were Kings made for the people, and not the people for the King.

The other acquiſition of Monarchy, was by Conqueſt. The glory and pleaſure of Reigning grew ſo tempting, that (eſpecially in later Ages) they ſpur'd on Ambitious Minds to obtain that by Force, which in the Infancy of Time, and the firſt Original of Nations, appears to be generally the People's Choice, and not Compulſion.

However, whether Choice or Compulſion, yet after poſſeſſion, and the Peoples Submiſſion, the Right of Kings is Sacred.

*Now Conqueſt is Twofold.*

The firſt ſort is, where the Conquerour wholly over-runs a Nation, or People, and like thoſe that take Towns by Storm, deſtroys and depopulates, kills or enſlaves; and then eſtabliſhes Religion, Rights and Laws, ſolely at the will of the Conquerour.

The other kinde is, when the vanquiſht come to Capitulate before they yield, and only Surrender upon terms.

Such was our laſt *Norman* Conqueſt, when the Inhabitants of *Kent*, and the Biſhops of *London* upon a Parley, prevailed with him (as our Records atteſt) to confirm their Cuſtoms and Rights, eſtabliſh'd and granted them by *Edward* the Confeſſour; whilſt the Lenity of the Conquerour, contenting himſelf with no larger a Prerogative than their laſt *Saxon* King had poſſeſt before him, ſubmitted to make their own Native Common Laws of *England* the Standard of his Juſtice, and the continuation of their Antient Priviledges the Cement of their new Allegiance.

In this milde Channel ran the *Engliſh* Monarchy, till in the Reign of *Henry* the Third, the *Magna Charta* was Confirm'd; which indeed was but a Monumental Regiſter of the Liberties and Immunities of Engliſhmen, enjoyed before (tho' not ſo fixt) in their pious *Edward's* Reign. In this ſtate has the Majeſty of *England*, the Dignity of Parliaments, and the Liberty of the People (bating their former Servility to *Rome*) continued ever ſince. And if now at laſt Popery muſt and ſhall come in, (as by Law it cannot) and conſequently muſt be reſtored by Arbitrary Power: If a new Monarchy, then a new Conqueſt; and if a Conqueſt, Heaven forbid we ſhould be ſubdued like leſs than Engliſhmen; or be debar'd the Common Right of all Nations, which is, to reſiſt and repel an Invader if we can.

But to ſum up all this, I muſt ſay, the moſt vehement Diſputants againſt the Peoples Right of defending themſelves, muſt at leaſt acknowledge thus much, that whenever a Popiſh King ſhall by Tyranny eſtabliſh the Pope's Juriſdiction in *England*, undoubtedly in the Eye of

God

God he is guilty of a greater Sin, than that people can be, that with open Arms oppose that Tyranny. For by introducing Popery by Tyranny, by one unjust Power he establishes another as unjust; and by one ill, defends a worse: Whereas the People of *England*, in taking Arms against that Tyranny, defend a just Right, *viz.* their Religion, Lives and Liberties.

Thus when a Popish *Monarch* shall subvert all Right, and violate all Laws, till oppressing a wretched Nation, more like a *Lupus Agri* than *Pater Patriæ*, he so wholly perverts the Duty of his great Office, and defaces in himself the neareſt Image of a Deity, by so falsly representing his Vice-gerent: Imagine on the other side, a persecuted deplorable People, even abandon'd by God, and so exasperated by Injustice, till they struggle against the Yoak, and the Horrour of this *Gorgon* in spight of all their Native Duty, has hardned 'em into disobedience, and then what can a poor Nation expect but Vengeance and Destruction? If this be our Rod of Iron, this the King ordain'd to Rule over us, What signifies all our long pudder about a Plot? Give the Papists that point, and allow them all they dare ask, that there neither is nor has been any Popish Plot; That the Evidence are perjur'd, and that *Coleman's* Letters, *Godfrey's* Murder, and *Bedlow's* dying Attestations, *&c.* are nothing to the purpose. Grant this and twice as much more, yet allowing at the same time that Providence has decreed us a Papist and a Bigot for a King; no matter then for Plotters, Jesuits, or Ruffians; The very essence of a Popish Successor is the greateſt *Plot* upon *England* since the Creation. A *Plot* of God himself to scourge a Nation, and make three Kingdoms miserable. As for the other *Plot*, what was it but a secret Confederacy between a handful of feeble Villains, the Limbs of the Roman *Hydra*? But, alas! With all their Designs they were but seen, and as such we have seen them both detected and defeated: But if we are predestined for a Romish Government, that's a *Plot* indeed, a Design form'd by the irresistible Decrees of Heaven, either for our Sins, or what cause to it self best known, to lay a groaning Country in ruine. Nay the Ruine is so universal, we must give it no bounds. For upon the Supposition of a *Popish* Heir, we must not conclude that 'tis only the poor distressed *Protestants* that shall feel the smart, and stand the mark of Slavery and Martyrdom. A *Popish* King has that pestilential Influence, that he blasts even the very party he favours upon, and entails a Curse upon his dearest darling Favourites. As for Instance, if after this King's Reign, steps up a *Protestant* Prince (for surely the whole Royal Blood must not all follow his Apostacy, and *Impietate in seculo seculorum*) then what becomes of the *Popish* Interest in the next Generation, and all that flourishing party, whom either the Witchcrafts of *Rome*, or the Contagion of *Regis ad exemplum* has made up for Slaves? 'Tis the greateſt toyl of the next King's Reign, to make those severer Statutes for future Ages, to suppress the Insolencies and Follies of the past; whilst those very Idols, that were Saints but yesterday, are now crusht and dasht to pieces.

Thus a Popish King makes at once the Heretick party in his own Reign, and the *Roman Catholick* in the next: And then who is it, that he either does or can make happy? Why nothing but an Atheist, he that believes there is no God, and so makes the name of the most fashionable Religion, the Bawd to his Pleasures and Preferments; or at best that Latitudinarian Believer, that can kneel to a Crucifix to day, and burn it to morrow. This and this onely Principle, can be safe under a Papist; and these are the only men that in their right wits ought to be unconcern'd at the danger of a Popish Successour.